

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

—THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER, {
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 27, 1838.

NO. VII, OF VOL. XIX.
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT, 183.)

STEAMBOAT ANSON.



THIS new and substantial Steam Boat, Coppered and Copper fastened, built expressly for the trade between this place, Georgetown and Charleston, will in a very short time be in readiness to receive freight.

Shippers are confidently assured that in cases of a low river their goods will not be detained, as a sufficient number of lighters have been provided to insure the delivery of goods, directed to be shipped by this boat.

J. ELI GREGG,
President of Merchants' and Planters' S. B. Com
pany.

Cheraw, July 4th, 1838.

61

BEEF! BEEF!! The Subscriber having made an arrangement to be BEEFED from Ash county, every two weeks, for the citizens in its vicinity, that will offer the same at the Market House, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, after the 27th inst. The Subscriber, also wishes to furnish one or two neighborhoods in the country, if such arrangements can be made as will justify him in doing so, of which notice will hereafter be given.

HENRY SMITH.

Salisbury, July 20, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD HUSBAND.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity, or flattery, he will make a good husband; for he will be the same kind man towards his wife after marriage that he was before.

When you see a young man of frugal and industrious habits, no "fortune hunter," but who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of her wealth, that man will make a good husband, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to want or poverty.

When you see a young man, whose manners are of the boisterous and disgusting kind, with "brass" enough to carry them any where, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself—do not marry him girls, for he never will make a good husband.

When you see a young man, who is using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity to credit, character and affluence, by his own merits, marry him; he will make a good husband, and one worth having.

When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society, upon the wealth of his father or other relations—don't marry him, for goodness' sake, he will make a poor husband.

When you see a young man one half of his time employed in adorning his person, or riding through the streets in giga, who leaves his debts unpaid, although frequently demanded—never, never do you marry him; for he will, in every respect, make a bad husband.

When you see a young man who never engages in any affairs or quarrels by day, nor follows by night, and whose general conduct is not of so mean a character as to make him wish to conceal his name; and does not keep low company, nor break the Sabbath, nor use profane language, but whose face is seen regularly at the church where he ought to be—he will certainly make a good husband.

When a young man, who is below you in wealth, offers you marriage, don't deem it a disgrace, but look into his character; and if you find it correspond with these directions, take him, and you will get a good husband.

Never make money an object of marriage; for if you do, depend upon it, as a balance for the good, you will get a bad husband.

When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the streets with the woman who gave him birth, and nursed him, supporting her weak and tottering frame upon his arm, and who will attend to all her little wants with filial love, affection and tenderness—take him girls, who can get him; no matter what his circumstances in life are, he is truly worth the winning, and will to a certainty make a good husband.

Lastly, always examine into character, conduct and motives, and when you find these good qualities in a young man, then may you be sure he will make a good husband.—*Greenville Mountaineer.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following account of a novel and simple method of curing this awful disease, deserves the attention of every one; for in spite of the assertions of many wise ones to the contrary, we cannot, in the face of so much evidence to the contrary, believe that the disease does not exist.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

M. Buisson writes to claim as his a small treatise on Hydrophobia, addressed to the Academy so far back as 1823, and signed with a single initial.—The case referred to in that treatise was his own; the particulars, and the mode of cure adopted were as follows:

He had been called to visit a woman who for three days was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—constrictions of the throat, inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbors said that she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties she was bled, and died a few hours after, as was expected.

M. Buisson, who had his hands covered with blood, inadvertently cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wash off the saliva, that adhered, with a little water,

The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one, still greater, in his eyes. The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies, gave him a painful sensation; his body appeared to him so light, that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height; he experienced, he said, a wish to run and bite, not men, but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty, and the sight of water was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat.

These symptoms occurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended thence up to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms, he judged himself affected with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapor bath.

Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 42 deg. (107 deg. 36 min. Fahr.) when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint. He left the bathing room well, dined heartily, and drank more usual. Since that time, he says, he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms, had disappeared themselves, and in no case has he failed except in that of one child, seven years old, who died.

The mode of treatment he recommends is, that the person bitten should take a certain number of vapor baths (commonly called Russian,) and should induce, every night, a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in flannels and covering himself with a feather bed; the perspiration favored by drinking freely of a decoction of sarsaparilla.

He declares, so convinced is he of the efficacy of this mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continued perspiration, he relates the following anecdote:—A relative of the musician Gretty was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing, night and day, saying, *that he wished to die gaily*. He recovered.

M. Buisson also cites the old story of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tarantula, and draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves, and foxes which never perspire.—*London Atheneum.*

A SCENE IN HAVANNA.

It was in the latter end of the month of December, 183—, that my business obliged me to embark in the brig Havana, for the port of the same name on the Island of Cuba. With the exception of having one or two of our light spars carried away, and our steward washed overboard—during which the sailors call "cat squall"—we arrived safely at our destined haven, and after a vexious detention of some little time, were permitted by the "high dignitaries of the city," to land.

At the close of a pleasant, but rather sultry day, having been busily employed, and feeling fatigued thereby, I entered one of the old princely cafes for which this place is distinguished. All the costly parian tables which were arranged about the room were filled when I entered. Some of the occupants were drinking, smoking, playing at cards and dice, reading the late papers and conversing aloud, with various orders given in Spanish and French, and the bustling movement of the numerous waiters, who with their white aprons and unintelligible conversation among themselves, added not a little to the excitement of the scene. I was about retiring when a table at the far end of the room was vacated by a party of gentlemen, and ordering the waiter to bring me a few cigars and a cup of strong coffee, I took up an evening paper, and amidst graceful wreaths of smoke which ascended from my "Havana," was in a short time lost in speculation upon the refined subjects of cotton, sugar and tobacco.

The hour was growing late—most of the tables were vacant—throwing my cloak over my shoulders and casting a quarter doubleton on the table, I was about to make my exit, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the angry and vehement talking of three gentlemen, who at that moment entered. Thinking at first they were all Spaniards, I was about passing on, when an imperfect acquaintance which the younger man displayed with the Spanish tongue caused me to pause and view him attentively. He was not more than two or three and twenty years old; his figure was slight but of the most symmetrical proportions; his eyes were of an uncommon brilliancy, black and sparkling, and he being at the time under great excitement, they were fearful to look upon. Holding his hat for the purpose of cooling his heated brow, his noble forehead was brought to view, over which the short dark curls hung with a natural grace.

His companions, with both of whom he appeared to be at variance, were both athletic men; and from their peculiar dress and certain provincialism of which in their excited humor they were guilty, proclaimed them to my practised ear, to be natives of old Spain.

"Enough has been said, Seignor," exclaimed the young man, to the tallest and most gentlemanly looking stranger. "In refusing to give you immediate satisfaction, I acted from motives which you can neither understand nor appreciate; but the base and ungentlemanly language in which you have expressed yourself; words which would have disgraced a highwayman among his companions, rather than add to the reputation of a descendant of one of the noblest families in old Castile—has induced me to change my resolution; and now seignor, although being a stranger and not possessing a friend in the city to whom I can apply in this emergency, yet I am prepared to be on the ground at the time, which your own second may appoint. He shall make all the necessary arrangements—trusting in your honor, that nothing shall be done

unfairly. Being much prepossessed with the conduct and appearance of the young stranger, and knowing that the proposition would give his adversary a great advantage if accepted, I advanced, and gently taking him aside, respectfully offered him my services—which, he not wishing to embroil a stranger in a quarrel of his own, would not for some time consent; but discovering during our conversation that he was my own countryman and American, I would listen to his objections no longer, so expressing a good deal of gratitude for my kindness, as he termed it, he again advanced towards his former company. "Seignor," he calmly exclaimed, "our contest will now be rather more equal. I have found a friend, and propose that, instead of morning's gray's gray mist, this very night decide our question. We will bride the guard and pass outside the wall."

In vain I endeavored to dissuade him from this starting proposition; and his opponent being the challenged party, could not, of course, object.

Having secretly procured pistols, we alighted from the cafe. It was a beautiful night—the pale full moon, alternately obscured by light fleecy clouds, or shining out in the full resplendence of its beauty, causing the objects around to assume a dreamy and speculative appearance—the green and lofty trees which surround the city—the shipping at anchor in the magnificent bay—the tall spires of the numerous cathedrals, seen dimly in the distance all appeared to bear a sombre and unearthly aspect.

With some trifling excuse, and a few dollars to appease the tender conscience of the sentinel, we were permitted to leave the city. On our way to the more secluded parts of the suburbs, La Grand, which I found to be the stranger's name, and who was of French extraction, recounted to me the circumstances which brought about the affair, upon which we were then engaged. It appeared that he had only arrived that morning from New Orleans; his object was, the discovery and reclamation, if possible, of a long absent and wayward brother—who, from some information, he had received from a friend in New Orleans, was supposed to be at present in the city. Thinking that some of the splendid gambling houses were the most likely place to find him, he entered several, and not wishing to appear singular, he played a little in each. In one, he had met the tall Spaniard, his adversary—they were playing at the table—some misunderstanding occurred between them in relation to the cards—thinking himself insulted, the Spaniard, after some words had passed—presented him his card. Remembering his purpose in visiting Havana, he stated to the gentleman's friends that peculiar business claimed his sole attention, and begged to have the meeting deferred for one week, at the end of which time they should assuredly hear from him. So saying he left the house. The Spaniard, mistaking his nature, following with his friend and overtook him as he was entering the cafe in which I met him. He concluded by giving me some little instruction in relation to his affairs, should he fall—which he considered more likely as he had been out of practice for some length of time.

We had now arrived at the proper station—after a little conversation with my brother second, our men, with pistol in their hands, were stationed at the distance of ten paces. I was to give the word.

"All ready?" was the reply.

"One—two—three—four."

The Spaniard's ball whizzed past the head of Le Grand, just slightly clipping his ear. As the word was given, I looked towards my friend—his pistol, which he had not discharged, was held motionless by his side. His face was of the appearance of the dead—his eye was listless—the clammy dew stood upon his forehead. I approached just in time to secure him in my extended arms—he swooned—with difficulty restored him. The first words he uttered explained all—"My brother—my dear, long lost brother!" he exclaimed—*"it is he!"*

It appeared that on our arrival at the selected spot, the supposed Spaniard had removed his cloak and hat.

On his forehead a deep and singular formed scar had been discovered. It was that which led to his recognition. In their boyhood days he had himself accidentally inflicted the wound upon his brother, and his life, in consequence, being for some time despaired of.

The circumstances made an abiding impression on his mind. In their former meetings the brother had retained his cloak and hat, that in order to render his disguise complete, he had studied the dialect of Castile, and assumed the name of one of the oldest families.

They advanced. I shall never forget that meeting. I have seen the greetings of long absent friends—I have seen the mother tremulously press her lovely daughter to her bosom lately escaped from the grasp of destruction. I have seen the brother's manly cheek suffused with tenderness as his eye beam with delight as he welcomed his prodigal son, once again to his fireside; these have I seen, these may time obliterate. The circumstances of the case; the situation of the midnight hour, all, all, forbid, that I should ever forget the scene in Havana.

The London Sun thus notices Mr. Cooper's novel, "Homeward Bound," which is forthcoming from the American press:

"Throughout this stirring narrative Mr. Cooper is in his element, for the scene is laid on board the American packet ship Montauk, and we are introduced to those out-of-the-way amphibious characters, half-ladmen, half-seamen, which the author as in the memorable instance of the "Pilot,"—pourtains with such vigor and life-like animation.

It is doing him more than justice when we say, that, as a naval novelist, he is by far the best of the day. Captain Marryatt may have equal knowledge—as indeed he has shown in his first and best novel, "Peter Simple"—of nautical matters; but he has not the same energy, the same command of apt imagery, and the same hearty relish of his subject. He writes from the understanding, whereas

Cooper writes from the feeling, which, in works of fiction, where the mind requires, and is prepared for excitement, carries all before it. Even with the recollection of the "Pilot" pressing on our thoughts, we feel little hesitation in stating that "Homeward Bound" (unfinished as it is, but we hope, to be finished ere long) is the best of all its author's naval novels. The interest never flags for an instant. There are no episodical pauses in the narrative, nor irrelevant digressions; but, on the contrary, the tale progresses straight forward at the rate of ten knots an hour. The plot is simple, and herein is shown the great skill of the novelist, in making so much out of such slender materials as Fielding did in his last and not least amusing work, the "Voyage to Lisbon."

CURE FOR THE DROPSY.

The following article came to our hand from a most respectable source, and we strongly recommend it to the attention of our readers.—*Salem Gazette.*

Extract from a letter written by a very intelligent and respectable man, dated in Maine, April 5, 1838.

"I am knowing to two extremely distressing cases of Dropsy being suddenly relieved by the means of the bark of Elder. One a woman advanced in years, in the last stage of the disease, who lost a tooth a short time previous, by the same disease.

The other a young woman who had been confined to her bed, for nearly twelve months, (four of which,

previous to January last, she was unable to lie down,) and whose strength was almost exhausted,

is now wholly free from dropsy and recovering strength in a manner surprising and unexpected. Other cases less aggravating have been cured by the same. The recipe is—"Take two handfuls of the green or inner bark of the white common Elder, steep it in two quarts of white Lisbon wine, twenty-four hours, take a gill of the wine in the morning, fasting, or more if it can be borne; or if more convenient, in the morning, or part about noon, on an empty stomach. The effect of the bark prepared as above, or the pressed juice from the leaves (full grown) which has been used with success when wine could not be procured, is, that it promotes all the animal secretion necessary to health, which is the cause of its salutary effect in dropsy. Great debility will always follow the use of powerful evacuants, and the best medical writers now recommend nutritious aliment as the best medicine in every, even in extreme cases of debility. The bark and leaves of the elder have been long known as powerful evacuants, and not esteemed unsafe. Yet caution is recommended in using the buds, as their effect is esteemed, and has been found dangerous in some cases."

The Atmosphere.—The atmosphere is an element which we cannot see, but which we feel investing us wherever we go, whose density we can measure to a certain height; whose purity is essential to existence; whose elastic pressure on the lungs, and around the frame, preserve man in that noble attitude which lifts his head towards the skies, and bids him seek there for an eternal home. The atmosphere is neither an evaporation from earth nor sea, but a separate element, bound to the globe and perpetually accompanying it in its motions round the sun. Can we for an instant imagine, that we are indebted for the atmosphere only to some fortuitous accident? If there were no atmosphere, and if we could possibly exist without one, we should be unable to hear the sound of the most powerful artillery; even though it were discharged at the distance of a single pace. We should be deprived of the music of the sea, the minstrelsy of the woods, of all the artificial combinations, of sweet sounds, and of the fascinating tones of the human voice itself. We might make our wants and feelings perceptible to each other by signs and gestures, but the tongue would be condemned to irredeemable silence. The deliberations of assemblies of men, from which laws and the order of society emanate, could never have taken place. The tribes of mankind would wander over the earth in savage groups; incapable of civilization, and the only arts which they could ever know would be those alone that might enable them to destroy each other.—*Quarterly Review.*

Immincy of Creation. Some astronomers have computed that there are not fewer than seventy-five millions of suns, having like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The solar system or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it.

The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter about three thousand six hundred millions of miles, and that which it controls much greater.

The sun, which is nearest neighbor to us, is called Sirius, distant from our sun about twenty-two bill ons of miles. Now, if all the fixed stars were as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the seventy-five millions of suns, whose imagination can grasp the immensity of creation? Who can survey a planet, containing seventy-five millions of circular fields, each ten billions of miles in diameter?

Such however is the case; and it must be acknowledged by all that the labor and time which are necessary to grub an acre of ground, cut down the trees upon it, maul rails and enclose it—coulturize it and prepare it for cultivation; would be more than sufficient to collect and make manure enough to manure double that quantity of land, so as to produce far more abundant crops.

And every acre made by an improved management, to produce as much as two acres, is in effect the addition of a new acre; with the great advantages of enabling us to preserve our wood land for fuel, fences and building—of contracting the space to be cultivated—and of shortening the distance of transportation between the fields and the barn or

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

a very strong editor! a vast saving of time and a vast saving of profit!

Are not these considerations sufficiently weighty to induce us to adopt the system of improvement proposed?

But there are other considerations which should also influence us greatly. "Both religion and patriotism are surely plead for it; and if it is our duty, and were to be our interest, to re-trace our steps, should it even take us half a century of years to recover the fertility first found on our lands. But the process of improving them is not slow, but rapid;—the returns not distant, but near; and the gains not small, but great." Should there be any, notwithstanding what has been said, still disposed "to prefer the murder of the little life left in their lands, to the process of improvement," let them pause and forbear; not for futurity, nor for God's sake, but for their own sake."

"The labor yet necessary to kill the remnant of life left in their lands, will suffice to revive them. Employed to kill, it produces want and misery to themselves. Employed to revive, it gives them plenty and happiness."

"AGRICOLA."

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

BRIDLING THE TONGUE.

"The tongue can no man tame."

If this had not been the language of inspiration, experience has proved it to be the language of truth. The tongue is the most untameable thing in nature. "Every kind of beasts and birds, and of serpents, is tamed, and has been tamed by mankind." But not so with the tongue. Who amongst the sons of men ever yet tamed his own tongue? Not one.—A person can *bridge* his tongue, or *hold* it; but no sooner does he take off the bridle, or let go his hold, than this little member runs wild, and out slips something from it, in the moment of passion or of levity, which the speaker presently wishes back.

Mark Anthony, it has been said, tamed lions, and drove them, harnessed to his chariot, through the streets of Rome. Had he tamed his own tongue, it had been a greater wonder still. The rattle-snake has been tamed, and even the crocodile: but the tongue never.

Pythagoras imposed on his pupils constant silence, for months and years together. But what did it all signify? No sooner were they permitted to talk, than they gabbled a deal of impertinence. Besides, to withhold the tongue from speaking at all, is destroying its end and use, rather than taming it. The gift of speech is too precious to be thrown away. Let the tongue be accustomed to speak, and to speak as it ought. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

Furiously tongues, on the contrary, produce a "world of iniquity."—Some are "full of deadly poison." Such are they that curse men and blasphemous God, and which utter lies, for mischief or for sport. Such, too, is the deceitful tongue, "whose words are smoother than oil; yet are they drawn swords." There is the sly, whispering tongue, and the babbling, tattling tongue; each of which "separates very friends." The words of a tale-bearer are "wounds." He wounds others thereby and himself too. For the mouth of such a fool is his destruction.

An importunate, meddling tongue, makes bad worse, even when employed in offices of friendship. When Job was smit from head to foot, the busy tongues of his wife and his friends were a severer plague to him than all his woes. And thus it often happens, that a person under misfortunes, suffers, as well from the busy meddling tongues of friends, as from the malicious tongues of enemies.

There are *fiery* tongues. "The tongue is fire." Such is the tongue of the passionate man or woman, whose mouth, foaming with rage, casteth abroad words which are as "fire-brands, arrows, and death." Such also is the tongue of the slanderer and backbiting, which being itself "set on fire of hell," puts whole neighborhoods and communities in a flame, and "setteth on fire the course of nature." How many a pretty mouth has been disgraced and made hideous, by the fiery tongue in it.

What then is to be done with this unruly little member, which "boasteth great things," and occasions infinite mischief in the world? Since no man, nor woman can quite tame it, what is the best way to manage it?

First, correct the heart, and keep that with all diligence. The foolishness of the lips is first uttered in the heart. "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Next, carefully bridle the tongue. Keep the bit upon it at all times, especially in the moment of sudden anger, and in the hour of joy and consolation.

Self-command, as respects the tongue, is as necessary as it is difficult. For we are told from divine authority, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

As it is of the utmost importance that we rule our own tongues, so, on the other hand, it is of no small importance that we be guarded against the unruly tongues of others. And here I will lay down one caution, and command it to the particular responsibility of the young and inexperienced. Beware of close intimacy with those whose tongues are calumnious toward almost every one except their present company, to which they are ever smooth and fair. For he that commonly indulges himself in calumniating or ridiculing the absent, plainly shows his company what it has to expect from him after he leaves it.

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

It would be very unfortunate for the world if there was any foundation in that principle of the incurable, that God is only concerned for the totality of beings, and the preservation of society at large, but has no care of particular individuals. The absurdity of such an opinion is evident. Both the dictates of reason and the sentiments of religion teach us to believe in a God, whose providence extends itself to every creature in particular, and to every part of which that creature is composed. Let it not be imagined that it is beneath God to regard individuals. The whole universe, as well as the smallest particle of dust, is nothing in comparison of the Infinite Being. What, then, can we call little or contemptible? Is there not less distance between an individual, and a whole nation, than there is between them and the stars, which appear so small to the eyes of men? The least reflection suffices to convince us, that in comparison

which is to most other great or small, or any even, however incon siderable it may be, is unworthy of his attention. If we take the mean plan, or the least meet that we can discern, we shall discover, even in its least particles, the same wisdom which is displayed in the structure of the whole. The least fibre contributes much to the perfection of the whole animal, or plant, as they do to the perfection of the whole species, and as the entire species does to the perfection of the universe. If, then, God has not destined to form these creatures which appear so despicable, why should it be considered beneath him to preserve them? And if the parts were not complete, how could the whole be perfect? or how could the whole species be preserved, unless that preservation extended to individuals?

Reason teaches us this and revelation completes our conviction. It informs us that the very hairs of our head are numbered. Thus, the meanest part of our body, one of those hairs, thousands of which in the course of our lives we lose without perceiving it, or suffering any inconvenience, even these are numbered. Hence our Saviour drew this inference, that with much greater reason God interests himself on our account, and condescends to favour us with his regard; and this is the more evident, inasmuch as all men have been redeemed by the blood of his well-beloved Son, and have gained new favour in the sight of God by becoming the disciples of the blessed Jesus. O Eternal Providence! I adore in Jesus Christ. With the liveliest emotions of gratitude, I adore and bless thee, O God! Before the foundation of the world thou designed my happiness before my supplications could reach the throne of thy grace, or my grateful aspirations ascend to heaven! And is it possible that thou canst now forget me? No! thy only Son, the blessed Redeemer, has undertaken my salvation, and suffered even the most cruel torments on my behalf. Let us, then, not be staggered by the raillery of vain and wicked men. Let us confide in that God whom the infidel would persuade us takes no care of his creatures. Let us consider that we were not formed for this life only, but that we are to live in another world, where the wonders of God's grace and infinite power will be opened to us in all their beauty and splendor.

We heard it mentioned yesterday, that when the news of the destruction of the Pulaski reached New York, and it was believed that all on board had perished, the father of one of the ladies who it was known had taken passage on board that boat, proceeded immediately to Baltimore, where he arrived without hearing further from the wreck. On entering the public house, he inquired of the landlord whether he had received any further intelligence from the Pulaski.

"None," was the answer.

"We're none saved?"

"None, it is believed, but the sixteen first mentioned."

"Do you know their names?"

"I do not remember them all, but the first was Mrs. —. She and the others are safe and well!"

The inquirer fainted—it was his daughter.—U.S. GAZ.

TABLE OF CONTENTS OF THE

Southern Literary Messenger,

VOL. IV. NO. VII.

Original Papers.—Ancient Literature. Xenophon. By a Virginian, now a citizen of Ohio. Influence of Morals, continued. By a native of Petersburg, Va.—Notice of Edward Everett's Address before the Adelphi Union Society of Williams College, Berkshire, Massachusetts, with extracts from same, including enlightened criticisms upon the four greatest poets of the world, Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, and Milton. Political Prophecy; a remarkable one. Sketch of Robert White, late Judge of the General Court of Virginia and one of her most gallant sons and revolutionary heroes. Died March, 1831. New Views of the Solar System: the distances of the planets from the Sun, their velocity in their paths, and the kind orbits they describe round the Sun, *he being a progressing body.*

By a citizen of Virginia. Lucille A. Novelette. Chapters I, II, III. By the authoress of "The Curse" &c. (To be continued). Fate of the Gifted. No. II. Biographical sketch and writings of the late James Otis Rockwell, of Lebanon, Connecticut, who, from a printer's apprentice, without the advantages of early education, acquired talents of the highest order, both as a prose and poetical writer. By a citizen of Connecticut. The wife is as welcome that comes with a crooked ext. By Allen Ramsay. (Selected.) Notes and Anecdotes, political and miscellaneous, from 1798 to 1830. Drawn from the port-folio of an officer of the Empire, and translated from the French for the Messenger. An Escape; Two Latin Words: A Petition: The Spanish War of 1822: The Ouvard Affair. Biographical Sketches of Living American Poets and Novelists.—No. III. William D. Gallagher, Esq., a native of Ohio. Francis Armine; A Romance. By a Novice. Chapters I, II, III. (To be continued.) The West fifty years since. Chapter IV: battle with the Indians; their defeat; five squaws taken prisoners by the settlers. Chap. V: separation of Mrs. B. and her children, and arrival at the hut of her Indian master; war dance by the Indians; death of a warrior; celebration of the green corn dance. Chap. VI: proposals for a reconciliation; meeting of the commissioners and Cherokees in council; speeches of the Indians; restation of peace; exchange of prisoners; meeting of Henry and Emily, and Mrs. B. and her children; joyous arrival of the late prisoners among their friends at Nashville, and marriage of Henry and Emily. By L. M. of Washington City. (Concluded.) The Busy Body. No. III: Knowledge of the World. No. IV: "The Man of Feeling." Yet More About Trees; with extracts from ancient and modern poets on the subject. By J. F. Otis, Esq. On health. To Mothers. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Bibliographical Notices.—Cronwell. An historical novel. By the author of "The Brothers," &c. Mexico versus Texas. A descriptive novel. By a Texan Slavery in America: being a review of Miss Martineau on that subject. By a South Carolinian. The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride. A play, in five acts. By E. L. Bulwer. The Last Man. From the Press of E. Ruffino, Petersburg. A Valedictory Address, delivered to the Students of the University of North Carolina, by William Hooper, Esq. Speeches of Joseph Hopkinson and Charles Chauncy, on the Judicial Tenure. Delivered in the Convention of Pennsylvania for revising the Constitution. The Hawaiian Spectator, Vol. I. No. I. Conducted by an association of gentlemen. January, 1832. Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands. 1832. The Hesperian, or Western Monthly Magazine. Edited by Wm. D. Gallagher and Otway Curry. Catalogue of the Officers and Students of William and Mary College: Session of 1837-38. *Original Poetry.*—The Warrior's Wreath. Morning in the Forest. By the author of "Atalantis," &c. Memory, Fancy and Love. By a Virginian. Stanzas. From a Lady's Portfolio. Stanzas to Helen. By Frederick William Thomas, Esq., author of "Clinton Bradshaw," &c. To a Friend at Parting.

From the New York Conference of Ministers.

ABOLITIONISM ON THE WHALE.

Our readers have already been apprised of the decisive action of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, in relation to the agitation of the subject of abolitionism by a few members of that body, who were disengaged for their course on that subject, and required henceforth wholly to refrain from disturbing the churches. Since that time the New England Conference, held at Boston, have by a vote of 84 to 21, adopted a plan of pacification by which a large majority of the more intelligent and influential abolitionists in that body, have agreed to abandon all anti-slavery conventions, societies, and publications in the church, bearing the Methodist name, as well as all the peculiarities of the party.

By the Maine Wesleyan Journal of Saturday, received this morning, we perceive that the Maine Conference, just held at Wiscasset, have adopted the pacification plan by a vote of 91 in the affirmative, and only 4 in the negative, and this after the Rev. O. Scott, the great agitator on the subject, had the opportunity of exerting himself to the utmost to prevent the measure. The document is published with the sign manual of each of the ninety-five ministers, who thus agree by common consent that the churches will no longer be disturbed by this exciting subject. The example will no doubt be followed in the New Hampshire Conference, now in session, and in this event, throughout the whole of New England, so far as Methodism is concerned, the churches will have peace.

MORE LIGHT.

Some idea of the manner in which the public money has been wasted in prosecution of the Florida war, may be gathered from the statements furnished by the Quartermaster General, and referred to by Mr. Bronson, in his speech on the Army Bill, in the House of Representatives. M. Bronson said—"The outfit of one officer engaged in the Indian warfare, for a short period, amounted to about four hundred dollars. The amount was made up by such items as these, viz. Wine, cider, porter, cork-screws, chewing tobacco, Spanish cigars and last, but not least, six bottles of Cologne water! The reading of this last article by the clerk caused the most extravagant laughter."

A report made by the Committee of Claims of the House of Representatives, also shows how some of the money has been wasted.

A regiment of mounted men, consisting of 417, were embarked at St. Louis for the Florida war. They were transported by steamboats from that city, in October, 1837, to New Orleans, and thence by vessels to Tampa Bay, where they arrived on the 26th of November, 1838. The cost of transportation was \$40,864.45. On their passage they lost nearly all their horses, and a portion of the few that arrived were unfit for service. To pay for these horses Congress has passed a bill appropriating \$35,000. When the regiment reached Tampa Bay, it was found to be too large, and in four days thereafter 183 of the men were discharged and were paid \$19,259.16. were allowed \$20,818.00 for their horses lost, and had previously received \$17,942.00—making in all \$58,019.25, expended without the least possible benefit to the country.—In addition to this sum, was the expense of retransporation of them to St. Louis, of which no account has been received, and which will probably be \$20,000 more.—Alexandria.

Land Valuation.—The new regulation under the act of the last Session of the Legislature, providing for the more uniform and just valuation of lands, is likely to result in a very handsome increase of the revenue. The returns from eight counties received at the Comptroller's Office, show an increase in the assessed value of real estate in those counties of 1,229,400 dollars. The last year's valuation under the old system, was \$3,830,020—valuation under the new, \$5,005,410.—Star.

We lately came across, says the Boston Journal, the following account, in an old paper, of a "domestic celebration" of the 4th of July:

My Celebration.—Conformably to the custom of the country we celebrated the Fourth of July at our house with every possible demonstration of Joy: an account of which I beg you to publish in the following words:

At twelve o'clock at noon, my wife and I assembled in the drawing room, and she commenced the ceremonies of the day by reading a "Declaration of Independence," which was allowed by all present to have been done with due "emphasis and discretion." I then, agreeably to appointment, proceeded to deliver "an oration," suited to the occasion; which although my wife did not, as usual in such cases, request a copy of the press, I will send you for publication, as soon as I can prepare a copy. After the oration, we moved in procession to the dining room, where we sat down to a dinner served up by our cook in the handsomest style. I took the head of the table, as president, and was assisted by my wife as vice-president where mid the luxuries of the season and flowing cups we enjoyed "feast of reason and the flow of soul" in following sentiments, while "the scene was enlivened by the music" of my wife's tongue.

1. Our Union—esta perpetua respublica maternum—and may it never be embittered by paroxysm spirit. Music—"Begone all care."

2. The state we live in—may it be blessed with a numerous and virtuous population.—Music—Lullaby.

3. Domestic Manufactures—music—song, "My spinning wheel."

4. The Heroes who died—for love. Music—"Yankee Doodle."

VOLUNTEERS.

By me.—Good memories to all married ladies. By my wife.—Good manners to all married gentlemen. Music—song—"Come, come, a true to jealousy."

By me.—Our honey-moon—sterous morning is often succeeded by a pleasant evening. Music—"Smiles and tears."

By my wife.—A health to all indulgent husbands—(to which I add) and obedient wives. Music—song—"Was ever such vexations."

After my wife had withdrawn, I gave: My Wife—the Fairest of "the American Fair." Music—song—"The Home of my Heart."

Ol the embassies, many will be of less splendor

New-York, July 19th, 1838.

The Siddons from Liverpool has arrived. With the exception of the mercantile, the news is not of much importance. The Queen continues in the high-tide of popularity. Ireland is again in turmoil. Several districts are in a very disturbed state. At Westford a fatal affray has taken place, growing out of a distract of cattle for tythes. The beasts were put up at auction, and known down at less than one half their value. This seems to have been the origin of the disturbance. The populace became enraged; attacked the military and police; and killed one man, and wounded several others. Ireland is indeed an unhappy country, and afraid to know itself."

The Liverpool cotton market is dull, but prices do not seem to have given way. The import of the week ending June 15th was 27,258 bags, sales 21,180, viz.: 500 Sea Island, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ stained, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ white; 4,840 Upland, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ stained; 2,890 Alabama, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ white; 8,490 New Orleans, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ stained; 4,950 all kinds, damaged, &c. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ white.

The Manchester cotton market was improving.

Goods and yarns fully held up their prices.

A steam explosion has taken place on board the Victoria, at London. Five persons lost their lives by the accident.

In our own city: The oration of Mr. FOREST is the rage just at present. It was published this morning, and upwards of 10,000 copies have already been sold. To-night it is to be read at the Franklin Theatre. The Whigs are raving about "turning theatres into political arena," &c.

The turning is gall and wormwood to their taste, and its mainly pure Democratic breathings, killing as simoom to their oligarchical assumptions. It is circulated and read; and, wherever read, cannot but be admired.

There is no political information worth relating. Stocks firm. United States Bank slightly advanced. The weather is excessively warm, and a kind of languor pervades every thing. The commercial world is, figuratively speaking, enjoying a *sciatica*.

Correspondence of the *Globe*.

HER MAJESTY'S CORONATION ROBES.

During the whole of yesterday vast crowds of respectable people were attracted to the house of Mr. Edward Shore, a silk weaver, in Castle street, not far from Shoreditch church, to view the splendid robes to be worn by her Majesty at the approaching coronation, and which were just finished and out from the loom on that morning.

The contract for the manufacture of the robes as well as 650 yards of the most beautiful silk for the hanging and decoration of Westminster Abbey, was taken by Mr. Stillwell, of White Lion-street, Norton Falgate who confided the task to Mr. Edward Howe and Mr. William Coe, two of the most ingenious operatives in the silk trade.

The robe, which is one of the most superb pieces of manufacture that can be imagined, is 10 yards in length, and of the same pattern as that worn by George IV, at his coronation. It appears that a number of different patterns had been submitted to her Majesty for inspection, and the one chosen by the Queen, as above stated, was that worn by her royal uncle, George IV.

It also appears that Mr. Howe was the artist who had executed the order on that occasion, and having by him many of the cones and patterns then used, he was enabled to accomplish the task much better and with greater ease, than any other person could have done. The ground warp of the most rich gold-colored silk, an the shant consists of gold and silver twist, and rich silks of various shades.

Some idea may be formed of the variety, when no less than 20 different shuttles were obliged

We have, by means of our York papers, news from England to the State. The political news is of very little interest; and the approaching coronation seems to engross public attention in England.

London Money Market.—The great abundance of money and the consequent low rate of interest is the most interesting feature of the money market. The English funds are close to an extraordinary price; the 3 per cent. consols being at 95. The deposits in the Bank of England alone amount to £10,000,000 sterling, and notwithstanding the export of Gold to the United States, the Bank is still overstocked with this article; and the fact that bonds of the East India Co. to the amount of 1,700,000 sterling are soon to be paid off, will tend to make money still more abundant, unless profitable investments to a considerable amount should offer. This abundance of money in England is most fortunate in the present state of things here;—nothing could be more propitious for a general and lasting resumption by the banks in this Country, and should any of them still refuse to resume, we may safely infer their unsoundness, or that they are influenced by sinister motives.

Cotton Market.—The price of cotton remained about the same, and a disposition to speculate on higher prices was evinced in London and Liverpool. The stock in England was small, but unusually large in France.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts in England are all favorable.—Several large failures had occurred in Rouen, which would tend to diminish the demand for cotton in France.

Grain.—A decline has taken place in this article, owing to the favorable prospect of good crops throughout Europe, as well as in England.

Tobacco.—The stock on hand was small and prices on the rise, holders not being disposed to sell, as an advance was anticipated, owing to the small quantity on hand.

OPPOSITION TO GOV. DUDLEY.

Whether Mr. Branch has, or has not consented to run for the office of Governor, it seems to be taken for granted on all sides that he is in the field. We can only say, we regret extremely that he has consented to give the use of his name to his old political enemies,—his political friends have not asked him for it;—the public meeting that nominated him, and the committee that addressed him alike, belong to that party, which heretofore had denounced him in the bitterest language for refusing to bow to Mrs. Eaton at the bidding of the “greatest, and best.” He may indeed deem it a triumph that his old enemies are driven to the necessity of rallying on him, but they may take another view of the matter, and laugh in their sleeves at the idea that they are making an instrument of him. In either point of view, it is an awkward position for him, and them, and Mr. Branch must have felt it so when he penned his reply to the Committee; for in that, he does not directly say that he consents to become a candidate.

For ourselves we cannot, for a moment, think of supporting Mr. Branch against Gov. Dudley, for this, among other reasons. We were not only friendly to the election of Gov. Dudley, but in our humble sphere, assisted in electing him. Since he was elected, he has done nothing that we can hear of, in office, or out of it, to forfeit the confidence of his friends;—on the contrary, he has discharged all his public duties faithfully and with ability. This being the case, it would be ungenerous, and inconsistent in the party, now to drop him, and take up another. If he was fit to be run for the office two years ago, he is equally so now, he having done nothing to forfeit the confidence of his friends. We know not what Gov. Dudley’s opinions are on certain agitating subjects, but we know that he has always been considered as belonging to the Republican party, and has acted with us steadily and faithfully from the time of the last war to the present hour. He may, or he may not, differ with some of us on certain measures, but in either case, it is no ground for abandoning him, and with us, there shall be none.

As to Gov. Branch, although we cannot support him under existing circumstances, we are not disposed to abuse, and charge him with apostasy as some of the Whig papers are doing. His having consented to run for the office of Governor, is no proof that he has gone over to Van Buren. He may agree with Mr. Van Buren on the measures referred to in his letter, but, notwithstanding that, he is no Van Buren man, and probably never will be. Gov. Dudley can succeed without placing his friends under the necessity of misrepresenting his opponent. All that we have to do is to rally, and all will be safe.

It is but justice to the subject, to present to our readers Mr. Branch’s answer to the Wake Committee. We shall close this article by doing so:

STEAMBOAT CHESAPEAKE, July 7, 1838.

GENTLEMEN: I was honored by the receipt of yours of the 4th instant, after I took my seat in the car, at Halifax, and avail myself of the earliest moment to respond to the enquiries you have made, as to my opinions on certain political matters, of high import. Having for more than the third of a century contended for a strict construction of the Federal constitution and believing as I do, that the existence of our Southern institutions vitally depend, on a rigid adherence thereto; I have no hesitation in frankly avowing to you, and through you to my fellow citizens of North Carolina, that my opinions have undergone no change; but on the contrary have been confirmed by time. It follows therefore as a matter of course, that I am now, as I ever have been, opposed to incorporating a United States Bank. For which opinion I will assign but one reason. It is this, that the power to grant incorporations was expressly withheld, or denied by the convention which made the Constitution. All of which will more fully appear by reference to the Journals. I will go further, I am equally opposed to the exploded deposito bank system—nay more so. Hence you will perceive, that I must be in favor of a Constitutional Treasury. Could I believe that the banks were calculated to make men more honest, I might be induced to think more favorably of their agency, or could the ingenuity of their friends satisfy me that they possessed less patronage, or influence, than individual, I might pause and re-examine the subject. But it seems to me that no candid and intelligent man will affirm either proposition. Thus much for my political sentiments. As to men, I feel that, “the price of liberty is eternal vigilance” and I wish it to be explicitly understood that I commit myself, in advance, for or against no man, further than he can be made useful, in perpetuating the great principles to which I trust I have ever been sincerely attached, and which I am now (overlooking personal considerations) assisting to re-establish. For Governor Dudley

and the permanent contributions above mentioned, I am, with much respect,

Your’s etc., JOHN BRANCH.

To Messrs. W. WHITAKER, W. W. WOOD, and WILLIE POPE.

Bank of the State of North Carolina.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Bank, held on the 15th inst., they adopted the following Resolution:

Resolved, unanimously, That this Bank and its branches will, on the first of August next, resume the payment of their respective LIABILITIES in specie.

A Great Printing Press.—The Editor of the “New York Courier & Enquirer,” has recently received a Printing Press from Napier, of London, the power of which is adequate to print six thousand copies in an hour, or one hundred in a minute. This seems almost incredible, particularly to those who never have witnessed the perfection to which machinery may be carried. The fact, however, is vouched for by Mr. Webb, the Editor and proprietor, and we have no doubt of its truth. The size of the Courier & Enquirer is also materially increased, and it is now not only the largest daily newspaper in the United States, but in the world.

Extract of a Letter from Dr. B. AUSTIN, Senior Editor of the “Western Carolinian,” dated Lawrenceville, July 5, 1838.

I believe that Montgomery county, with her “hills and dales,” is one of the richest counties in gold, in all the gold region; however, many of her best deposits are not valuable for the want of sufficient water convenient to work them. Several fine veins have been discovered in the county and profitably wrought, but the mines of this county are chiefly of the deposit character; and to work these profitably, requires more water than is usually found near them for convenient and practicable operation.

Montgomery is a green stone and slate formation (with here and there a vein of Quartz) and in that formation water is generally scarce, especially in the summer season.

Notwithstanding this draw-back, much gold has been found in this county, and several of the richest deposits known in the United States are here located. Parker’s Mine is one of them. I had often heard of this mine, but never visited it until the other day. It was one of the first mines discovered in North Carolina, save that of Reed’s in Cabarrus county, and has been worked constantly for about thirty-five years with more or less success.

The gold is said to be the finest in the State. The pieces found in this mine vary, from the size of pin heads to lumps, weighing three, four, and even five pounds.—From the best estimate that can be made, it is supposed that upwards of 200,000 dollars worth of gold has been taken from this mine.

It has always been worked as a deposite mine, but within the last few months, one of the veins, which, no doubt, once supplied these extensive deposits with gold, has been penetrated and found, so far as tested, to be very rich. Good workmen have averaged at this mine, and that too with a small hand rocker, 20 dwts. per day to the hand for the whole season; and 5 to 10 dwts. per hand has been very common working at times.

When I was on the ground, I saw two or three persons still washing, and making good wages out of grit several times cullied.

No doubt remains in my mind, but that all the gold here found, came from veins located in the hill near the head of the two streams where the washing has been done.

These veins will, in time, no doubt, be developed and profitably worked. Some very rich ore and beautiful specimens of gold in quartz, have been found by Mr. Howell Parker, in the vein alluded to, and we’re to judge from the appearance of the vein and the specimens he showed me, he will do well to pursue this vein farther.

This valuable mine is situated four miles South of the Yadkin in the North-West corner of the county, and owned by Mr. Howell Parker & brothers. Besides Parker’s mine there are a number of others in Montgomery. The famous Barringer mine and the Beaver Dam deposits are in this county.

Much gold has been found at various places in the vicinity of this village, owned and worked by Mr. Duncan McRae and others.

Island Creek, which empties into the Yadkin at a place called old Henderson, has yielded large quantities of gold from its source to its mouth, and I have no doubt where this stream enters the river there is a rich and extensive deposite. This place is owned by Dr. Henry Delmonte, a gentleman of wealth, who, no doubt, owns one of the richest depositories in the county, if he would but test and work it.

The picturesque scenery at and around this place (Henderson) is fine beyond description. I intend, at some future period, to re-visit this delightful spot, traverse the mountains in its vicinity, which are famous for deer, and, if possible, to discover more of the resources of this part of the county, which, to all appearance, is rich with minerals.

In my opinion, the people of Montgomery would greatly promote their interest by attending more to the raising of sheep and cattle. This is one of the finest regions for raising sheep I ever saw. There are large districts of waste land which, if properly attended to, would produce great quantities of good grass without much expense. Thousands of sheep could be raised here, the wool improved, and the business made very interesting and profitable. Time and paper will not permit me to discuss this subject further at present. I intend, however, at some future period, to submit some views and calculations, if not now, may confirm those already known.

There exists at this time, quite an excitement among the people of Montgomery on the subject of a Division of the County. All the Candidates here have declared in favor of the measure, and from the unanimity of sentiment on this point, it would appear that no other candidate could be elected.

The Pedee, which runs through this County, divides it into two equal parts, or nearly so, and from an examination of the map, each Division would make a very respectable county. So think the citizens of Montgomery, at least.

but the permanent contributions above mentioned, I am, with much respect,

Your’s etc., JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

and I am, with much respect,

JOHN BRANCH.

WILLIE POPE.

Translation from the Spanish.

Let the soul its number break,
Across its senses and awake,
To see how now
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay—
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us caught behind,
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Grows, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And soon each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall:
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alas the humble rivulet glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

* * * * *
Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unthought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth,
Are all these glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Also before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

Long are the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away:
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Ago came, and hid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that mocked decay,
The stop that rose so light and gay,
The heart's bitter tone—
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

SCRAPS.

The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good will to a certain physician, was rallying him one day about the ineffectiveness of his prescriptions. To which the doctor replied, "He defied any of his patients to find fault with him." "I believe you," replied the witty Earl, "for they are all dead."

Dean Swift having preached an amiss sermon in England, was afterwards invited to dine with the judges, and having in his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he had borne a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they knew in their consciences to be wrong; when dinner was over and the glass began to go round, a young barrister, who happened to be present, took occasion to retort upon the dean, and after many alterations on both sides, the counsellor at last asked him, If the devil were to die, whether a person might not be found, for money, to preach his funeral sermon? Yes, said Swift, and I would gladly be the man, for I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day his children.

The Farmer and the Beggar.—strong, hearty, jolly fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence, to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer, and in the usual language of his race, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes." "You appear to be a stout, hearty looking man," said the farmer; "what do you do for a living?" "Why not much," replied the fellow, "except travelling about from one place to another." "Travelling about, ha?" rejoined the farmer; "can you travel pretty well?" "O yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I'm pretty good at that." "Well then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel."

The Latest Caricature.—The folks at New-York are at present diverting themselves with a caricature, ridiculing the custom of bearing weapons. It presents a gentleman walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, with his pockets stuffed with pistols, the mahogany stocks sticking out—the pistols five in number, viz: one in each of the side pockets of his coat, two in his bosom, and one in the left hand pocket of his unmentionables. On his back is lashed a blunderbuss—in his right hand is the drawn blade of a sword cane. Thus equipped, he moves forward with the air of a citizen grenadier, and close upon his heels is his counterpart in the shape of a turkey cock. *Par nobile fratrum.*

Great Salt Mine.—There is near Liverpool a salt mine, the floor of which is 336 feet below the surface, and the portion of the saline mass removed is about 40 feet in height, and extends over an area of thirty acres. The temperature of the mine is equable, at about 48 degrees throughout the year; and not a particle of water is any where to be seen.

AT SALISBURY. July 17, 1836.
Bacon, 121
Brandy, apple, 55
Peach, 55
Butter, 124
Cotton, in seed, 24
Clean, 7
Coffee, 15
Corn, 50
Feathers, 35
Flaxseed, 75
Linseed Oil, pr. gal. 61
Molasses, 9
Nails, cut, 7
Oats, 25
Port, 600
Sugar, brown, 11
Teal, 18
Salt, 70
Tallow, 10
Tea, 100
Tobacco, 8
Wheat, bushel, 100
Whisky, 45
Wool, 20

AT FAYETTEVILLE. July 18, 1836.

Bacon, 11	Iron, 54	6
Brandy, peach, 55	Molasses, 35	40
Apple, 50	Nails, cut, 7	11
Beechwood, 20	Oats, 40	50
Coffee, 124	Rice, 450	550
Cotton, 7	Sugar, 10	124
Corn, 60	Salt, 275	300
Flour, 60	Steel, American, 10	124
Iron, 6	English, 00	14
Lard, 11	Tallow, 10	124
Leather, sole, 22	Tea, 100	137
Molasses, 40	Tobacco, m'dd, 10	50
Orleans, 45	German, 12	56

AT CHERAW. July 10, 1836.

Bacon, lb. 11	Nails, cut, 7	9
Butter, 12	wrought, 10	18
Beechwood, 20	Oats, 40	50
Coffee, 124	Rice, 450	550
Cotton, 7	Sugar, 10	124
Corn, 75	Salt, 275	300
Flour, country, 650	Steel, American, 10	124
Iron, 6	English, 00	14
Lard, 11	Tallow, 10	124
Leather, sole, 22	Tea, 100	137
Molasses, 40	Tobacco, m'dd, 10	50
Orleans, 45	German, 12	56

NEW WATCHES,
JEWELLERY AND CUTLERY.

JOHN C. PALMER has just returned from Philadelphia, with a very

FINE ASSORTMENT of the above articles, of an entirely new fashion. A large assortment of

SUPERIOR RAZORS and KNIVES.

JUST received, and for sale at THIS OFFICE, he can say that his assortment is superior to any in the western part of the State.—Call and see.

07 Watches and Clocks repaired as usual, and warranted for twelve months.

Salisbury, Nov. 3, 1837.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale, whole-sale or retail,

52 bags Coffee.

10 hds. Molasses.

5 do. Sugar.

100 sacks Liverpool Salt, large sizes.

3000 lbs. Spun Cotton, assorted Nos.

10000 lbs. Castings, ass't.

25 kegs Nails.

2000 lbs. Bar Lead.

2 bbls. best Dutch Madder.

3 bbls. Leaf Sugar.

20,000 lbs. of wagon Tire Moulds, Scallops, Roll-ed, Scallops, and common bar Iron.

By J. & W. MURPHY.

Salisbury, June 26, 1838.

A NEW SUPPLY OF GOODS, at Davidson College. THOMAS W. SPARKER, (Agent for Michael Brown,) would inform his customers and the public, that he is now receiving from Philadelphia and New York, an extensive stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

comprising all the articles usually kept in stores in this part of the country. He hopes that the extent of his stock, the care with which it has been selected, and the very low prices at which he can afford, and is determined to sell, will secure, not only the continuance of his former customers, but also encourage others to come and examine for themselves. He is determined that the decline of Goods at the North shall be felt and known here also; that his benefits shall not be confined to himself, but that his customers who have felt the inconvenience of selling low, shall also buy as low as Goods can be afforded. Thankful for the very liberal patronage which he has received, he hopes by attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

Mecklenburg co., June 9, 1838.

SCULPTURING.

JOHN HOLDTHouser

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he is still at his old business of STONE-CUTTING,

seven miles South of Salisbury, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the old Charleston Road, where he is prepared to accommodate those wishing work in his line.

He now has on hand and for sale, a good supply of MILL-STONES, of various sizes and prices, from twenty-five to thirty dollars a pair, of the best grit and workmanship; also WINDOW SILLS, from \$2 to \$2.50; DOOR-SILLS from \$2 to \$3; DOOR STEPS \$1.50; ROUGH BUILDING ROCKS from fifty to seventy-five cents; TOMB STONES from \$10 to \$15; GOLD (up shaft) GRINDERS \$20 a piece.

The Subscriber hopes by close attention to business, and his determination to furnish none but the best article, and on reduced terms, to merit and receive a liberal portion of public patronage.

Rowan County, April 13, 1838. 12m

STRAYED, from the Subscribers, about two months since, a small Sorrel Mare Indian Pony, about nine years old. She is in height about four feet and has her mane roached; she was brought from Alabama in March last.

WM. HADEN.

Mocksville, June 5, 1838.

DR. PLEASANT HENDERSON,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SER-

VICES to the Citizens of Salisbury and vicinity. He occupies the Brick office of the late Dr. Mitchell.

Salisbury, N. C., May 18, 1838.

AT SALISBURY. July 17, 1836.

Bacon, 121

Brandy, apple, 55

Peach, 55

Butter, 124

Cotton, in seed, 24

Clean, 7

Coffee, 15

Corn, 50

Feathers, 35

Flour, 600

Glass, 75

Linseed Oil, pr. gal. 61

Molasses, 9

Nails, cut, 7

Oats, 25

Port, 600

Sugar, brown, 11

Teal, 18

Wheat, bushel, 100

Whisky, 45

Wool, 64

AT FAYETTEVILLE. July 18, 1836.

Bacon, 11

Brandy, peach, 55

Apple, 55

Beechwood, 22

Coffee, 124

Cotton, 7

Corn, 60

Feathers, 35

Flour, 600

Glass, 75

Linseed Oil, pr. gal. 61

Molasses, 9

Nails, cut, 7

Oats, 25

Port, 600

Sugar, brown, 11

Teal, 18

Wheat, bushel, 100

Whisky, 45

Wool, 64

AT SALISBURY. July 17, 1836.

Bacon, 11

Brandy, apple, 55

Peach, 55

<p